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A  
THRENODIE

OR

The Lamentations

OF

*Scotland, England, France, Ireland, Orange,  
and the Souldiers of Britain,*

*On the Decease of the Magnanimous, Illustrious & Incomparable*

WILLIAM

*King of Great Britain, France and Ireland,  
Of Glorious Memory, &c.*

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By J. P. Sc.

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THE ENO DIET

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# A Threnodie

On the Decease of the Magnanimous and Illustrious

# WILLIAM

Of Glorious Memory,  
King of Great Britain, France and Ire-  
land, &c.

**T**Ears must succumb, where sullen Grief abounds  
What need of those, when Loss the Land surrounds,  
Loss, did I say, yes, such a Loss that time  
Wants to make up the Loss of Britains Clime,  
Clime, did I say? yes, Nations and what more?  
*Orangia*, and *Belgia* may deplore,  
Their Fortunes too, *Hybernia* never had  
Till now occasion to be thoroughly sad,  
For that our Glory, and her King is dead.  
Dead, did I say? O! most impious Thing  
To under-rate so low, so high a King  
Go now Engrave with Steel in Marble Stone,  
To bear Record when Centuries are gone:  
Death had no Sting, nor Grave for such an One,  
His winged Soul to Heaven soar'd from hence,  
Which He purchas'd through Zeal and Violence,  
Changing for Toil, and Trouble of His Days  
Long Happiness, and sweet imperial Bays  
And a Rich Crown subject to no Decays.

Of all those Kings so Numerous and Great,  
That ever sway'd at Scotland's Helm of State,

A

And

And now Entomb'd ; their Falls have not design'd  
 So sharp a blast, and such a headstrong Wind,  
 Which hath remov'd by a tempestuous hand,  
 The *Mighty* and the *Beauty* of the Land,  
 And bravest King that ever sat upon  
 The hoary seat of Antient *Albion*,  
 Whose Hand became her Scepter, and whose Brow  
 Was to her Diadem adapted too :

He glori'd with a Spirit brave and bold,  
 To dignifie a Crown that was so old \*  
 And wisely studi'd also to maintain  
 It's Priviledges (being *Soveraign*)

\* Aged 2031 be-  
 fore the coming  
 of our Saviour  
 330 Year, in the  
 year of the World  
 3641.

O Warlike Prince against thy Foes once bent  
 Thy Valour made them flee, or else consent;  
 Not on a Squade, nor on some petty Thing  
 Sought'st Thou the means to cause Thy Trophies ring;  
 Nor upon feeble, bruised broken Bones  
 Sought'st Thou for Garlands set with Sapphire stones;  
 But Thou dispatches Armies off at once.

Thou fear'd no Threats, nor Multitudes, nor Darts  
 Nor Vengefull Cannons damping others Hearts;  
 Thou stem'd the showers of Bullets smoke and Fire,  
 Knew'st how to face ; but never to retire.  
 Like Heavenly *Moses* and G O D's *Man of War*  
 Thou stood'st, thou fought'st, thou becam'st Conquerour  
 Thou fought'st no Shield nor Armour to put on;  
 Such Vanities like *David*, Thou didst shun.  
 G O D's my Defence Thou said'st, by Me H E stands,  
 H E gives Me Courage, and makes strong mine Hands,  
 Enlivens all my Nerves, I fear no fall,  
 And by His strength I'll overleap a Wall:

*From Holland to England,*

*and from England to Ireland.*

When to prevent the Ruine of \* his Land,

*\* Ego perque Puellas*

*Proximus a facere*

And Laws which were a perishing at hand :

When



When Liberties were crush'd, and had no way  
 To make escape, and Church seem'd to decay;  
 Then \* from the *Belgicks*, He His passage took,  
 Then *Ireland* trembled, and all *Britain* shook,  
 When that He did His Banner fair display  
 The itching headed lour'd and slipt away,  
 Still to such People a most fatal \* day.  
 So shrunk the great Philistine Camp, who had  
 Defid the Armies of the living G O D,  
 At the appearance of a *Shepherd Lad*.

\* November  
 5. 1688.

\* November  
 5. 1685.

Let others of thy Mighty Actions tell,  
 A *Joshua*, or Godly *Samuel*,  
 Who wrote the Feats of Warring *Israel*;  
 And let the King of *Poets* hither bring,  
 His sacred *Lire*, and thine Encomiums sing,  
 And with his Pen write into lasting Verse,  
 Thy prudent Conduct on thy sable Herse,  
 How! Thou didst fly through Clouds of Fire to fight,  
 The Airy winged Giant *Namurite*,  
 And well Thy Sword, like *Jonathan* cou'd wield;  
 Which never yet came empty off the field;  
 And who upon Thy fair Victorious Day  
 On it did bring the Golden spoils away.

\* The taking of  
*Namure* Anno  
 1695.

No *Cæsar* yet, for all his famous Deeds  
 Thy Nobler Conquests, and thy Fame exceeds;  
 Shou'd I recount them over, shou'd I Sing:  
 But the one half, I wou'd presume a Thing  
 Ashard almost, as in the *British* Seas  
 To count the Waves, and Sands in *Euphrates*;  
 And of so much shou'd I but little say,  
 Wou'd wrong my Subject and my King betray!  
 Wherefore that high attempt I will Suspend,  
 And on thy weeping Mourners will attend.

*BRITAIN's Lament.*

Ah now for Thee, what dismal howlings fill  
 Our *Alpish* Mountains, and each Dale and Hill:  
 Hear how the Rivers frame a dolefull song,  
 And murmur sadly as they glide along;

Arise

( 2 )  
Are not both *Forth* and *Thames* got hand in hand,  
And leave their Channels, and their *Sue Land*?  
And see the flowers upon the humble bed  
As *Tulips*, *Dazies*, how they're withered  
The *Gilli-flower* *Lillie* and *Marygold*  
Do shake as if they were distressed with cold,  
*Silver Narcissus* saints upon her seat  
As she were Frosted wanting Summers heat,  
The *Primrose* and the various died *Pink*  
Back to their Mother go, and mourning, shrink  
What ails the *Rose* and Noble *Thistle* now,  
Are they surpriz'd with the sad News that go  
They 'mongst the rest did beautifie the field  
But now oppress'd with Grief no beauty yield,  
Their Aspect, and that warm Sun-shine's gone  
On which their Lives and Vertues lay upon  
Our Cities, Towns, and Villages display  
And show their sorrows also on this Day;  
Thy Loyal Subjects, and each faithfull Dame,  
With all their mirth bury their Sprightfull Flame  
And languishing 'mongst hated ashes cry,  
We'll not forget thy Glorious Memory,  
While their sweet Babes weep *Williams Threnody*.

*The Souldiers Lamentation.*

O see the Souldiers damped, who before  
Never till now knew ought they cou'd deplore,  
And say, where is our *Leader*? Where's our *Prince*?  
Our *Shield*; and *Buckler*? And our best *Defence*?  
Where is our *Glorie*? Where's our *Martial Saint*,  
That made us fight, and made our Foes to faint  
By Heaven, we miss our *Conduct* and our *Crown*,  
Who made us smile, and fam'd us with *Renown*;  
While that our Enemies did tumble down.

*IRELAND's Lament.*

We *Irishes* bewail the Day, and weep,  
Our Wolves likewise with us deploring keep,  
We knew no Grief, now we have learn'd to know,  
What sorrow is, and what's the deeps of wo,  
And we repent we were King *Williams* Foe.



In savage Woods we do bemoan the Hour  
Wherein we lost so brave a Conquerour,  
No Sword but His, could ever make us Tame,  
He taught us sense to write his lasting Name,  
While 'mongst the Groves, and shady Fens we sing,  
In weeping Notes, our Patrick and our King.

*The Lamentation of FRANCE:*

It's Victorie to hear my Hero Foe  
Is now at Peace; yet wish it were not so;  
I'll Proclaim through my Regions I have lost  
More Glory then I ever yet could boast,  
Whom to have overcome was greater far  
Then all the Conquests, I cou'd gain by War,  
Thy matchless Exploits, Sir, I'll tell with dread,  
Thou struckst my Souldiers, and their Leaders dead,  
And publish will Thy Conduct was so brave  
I never cou'd of thee advantage have;  
When Thou in Ireland gainst my Camp thou fought'st,  
Then Victorie through Dangers great Thou fought'st;  
And when Thou swam'st the deep menacing Stream,  
Thou fought'st, and did'st thy Conquest then Proclaim

*At Boyne, Anno 1690, He kill'd  
above 30000 French and Irish,  
and took and wounded 10000.*

Prudence and Courage fought then Thy Renown,  
And Success did Thy wondrous Valour Crown,  
Thou still was swift as Eagles to take hold,  
And Thou encounter'd like a Lion bold,  
And thy Centurions fought in burnisht Gold,  
A Thousand Trophies and a Thousand Charms  
Still wait about on thine undaunted Arms.

2 Sam. 1.

23, 24.

*The Lamentation of HOLLAND.*

Did ever State so gloriously shine,  
As lately shone, that pleasant One of mine?  
I stand now fixt as a created Rock,  
Or Beasts in Field, that are with Thunder struck;  
No Common-wealth had ever reason more  
Then we o'erclouded Belgians to deplore

So

So brave a *Prince*, so Kind, so Good, so Great  
 Our Bulwark and invincible by Fate;  
 Thy sharp Eye sighted Conduct was our Prop,  
 And like a Pillar still kept *Holland* up;  
*Bodgrave* can Witness, how thou didst defeat  
 With a small Number Twice an Armie great;  
 Likewise at *Uiricht*, and at *Worden* too  
 The *French* ( inveterate Foes ) Thou didst subdue;  
 Those with the *English* both by Sea and Land,  
 Thou beat them down with thy Victorious hand. 1673.  
 No Prince so much ingenuously strove  
 To gain a *Peoples* Duty, Heart, and Love;  
 Neither did *People* ever show to *Prince*,  
 More Faith, more Love, and more Obedience,  
 Who now bewail, the sad and blust'ring Day,  
 That ruins Us, and blows our Hopes away;  
 For may decrease our Trade that is so brave,  
 Which through the Corners of the World we have,  
 And all our Glory we have conquered,  
 Because our Champion and our Hero's Dead.

*The Lamentation of ORANGE.*

*Orangia*, What's this doth Thee confound?  
 What's this doth blast thy fair and fertile ground?  
 What's this amazes all thy Plains about?  
 Is Winter come to turn thy Summer out?  
 Why do thy *Nobles* droop and hang their Heads,  
 And Dames of Honour weep in Gloomy Shades?  
 Why are the cheering *Vines* dri'd at the roots,  
 And *Figtrees* languish and deny their Fruits?  
 The *Palmtree* too and high-born *Pomegranate*,  
 Seem both surpriz'd, and very desolate,  
 And *Apletrees*, lo, their sweet moisture stanch,  
 And there's no issue to adorn the Branch:  
 All Comelyness, and every Glory's flown,  
 For that the *ORANGE* \* and the *TREE* is gone;  
 For which the Woods and Graves put Mourning on. } *March*  
 18, 1702